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A DESCRIPTION

OF THE

GRAND PANTOMIMICAL DRAMA

OF

OBI:

OR,

Three-Finger'd Jack.

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, NORWICH.

WITH THE WORDS OF THE

Songs, Duets, and Chorusses.

AND

A NARRATIVE

OF THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF

MANSONG,

COMMONLY CALLED

THREE-FINGER'D JACK.

NORWICH:
PRINTED BY STEVENSON AND MATCHETT.
Price Three-pence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Three-finger'd Jack,	Mr. FITZGERALD
Captain Orford,	Mr. BOWLES
Overseer,	Mr. G. BENNETT
Planter,	Mr. RACKHAM
Sam,	Mr. BROWN
Quashee,	Mr. MALLINSON
Jonkanoo,	Master REILY
Tuckey,	Miss S BRUGUIER
Quashee's Wife,	Mrs. DUMONT
Sam's Wife,	Mrs. TAYLOR
Obi Woman,	Mr. EASTMURE
Rosa,	Miss BRUGUIER

Attendants, Mrs. LINDOE and Mrs. MILDENHALL

Negroes, Negresses, Soldiers, &c.

The Dresses, Scenes, and Decorations entirely new,

The Scenery painted by Mr. Demaria, from the Opera House

The Music composed or adapted to the Action of the Drama, by Dr. Arnold.

Description of the Pantomime.

ACT I.

SCENE—*The Island of Jamaica.*

SCENE I.—A VIEW of extenſive PLANTATIONS. The Planter's Houſe on one Side; great Gates on the other. Preparations to celebrate the Birth-day of Roſa, the Planter's Daughter. Captain Orford's Arrival from England—previouſly announced by his Black Boy Tuckey. The Captain's Introduction to Roſa, by her Father; his Admiration of her Beauty; his Departure after a ſhort Morning's Viſit; and his very ſpeedy Return, occaſioned by his being ſtunned by a Blow from Three Finger'd Jack. Roſa's Anxiety. Panic of the Slaves at the Name of Jack; and the ſuperior Courage of the two Negroes, Quaſhee and Sam.

SCENE II.—Inſide of Planter's Houſe. Captain Orford much recovered from the Blows he has received. His Profeſſion of Love to Roſa. The Planter's Reſolution to unite him with Roſa in Marriage. Preparations for a Shooting Party.

SCENE III.—Inſide of an Obi Woman's Cave. Deſcent of Negro Robbers into the Cave. Their Homage to the Obi Woman, who preſents them with Obi. The ſudden and ſecret Entrance of Three-Finger'd Jack; his Obi-Horn filled by the Obi-Woman; and his Ceremonies to prevent the Negroes betraying him. An Alarm; the myſterious Diſappearance of Jack in Conſequence of it. Aſtoniſhment of the Negroes; and their Deſcent, ſtill deeper, into the Cave.

SCENE IV.—Mount Lebanus, with a View of the Sea, and a Boat at Anchor. Jack's Ambuſh. Tuckey caſt into the Sea. Captain Orford Wounded, and then captured by Jack.

SCENE V.—Tuckey's Relation of Captain Orford's and his own Adventure with Three-Finger'd Jack. The Planter's Dejection, and Roſa's Grief. Proclamation of Reward by the Officers of Government, for killing Three-Finger'd Jack. The two Negroes, Quaſhee and Sam, undertake to encounter him; they are joined by Tuckey. Quaſhee's Requeſt to be chriſtened, that he may overcome Jack.

SCENE VI.—The Jankanoo Tent.—Dance and Finale.

ACT 2.

SCENE I.—An accurate Repreſentation of the Inſide of a Slave's Hut, in Jamaica. Quaſhee and Sam taking Leave of their Wives and Children; Tuckey with them. Roſa comes to them in Boy's Cloaths, and obtains their Conſent to accompany them on their Expedition.

SCENE II.—Negro Robbers prowling for Plunder. Three-Finger'd Jack's Appearance among them—their Submiſſion to him, and his Departure. The Robbers rouſed from their Concealment by the Party in Queſt of Jack. Jack's Re-appearance, and the Robbers Awe of his Obi-Horn.

SCENE III.—Mount Lebanus. A violent Storm of Rain, Thunder, and Lightning. Quaſhee, Sam, Tuckey, and Roſa. Roſa, much fatigued and terrified at the tempeſt, runs off, followed by Jack.

SCENE IV.—Roſa ſurpriſed by Jack—his intention of Shooting her changed to making her his Servant.

SCENE V.—The Inſide of Jack's Cave. Roſa's Performance of menial Offices for Jack—her ſinging him to Sleep—her Diſcovery of Captain Orford's being confined and wounded in the Cave; whoſe Eſcape, with her own, ſhe effects by Stratagem.

SCENE VI.—Captain Orford and Roſa making their Eſcape.

SCENE VII.—An Apartment in the Planter's Houſe. The Planter Deſponding for the Loſs of Roſa.

SCENE VIII.—The Mountains, &c. Deſperate Fight between Jack and the Party employed to kill him. Jack's Overthrow and Death.

SCENE IX.—Outſide of Obi-Woman's Cave, &c. Negro Robbers bringing an Account of Jack's Death to the Obi-Woman. Capture of the Robbers and Obi-Woman.

SCENE LAST.—Public Rejoicings occaſioned by the Overthrow of THREE FINGER'D JACK.

Songs, Duets, &c.

DUO.—Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Dumont.

The white man comes, and brings his gold,
The *Slatee* meet him on the bay,
And oh! poor negro then be ſold—
From home poor negro ſails away.
O it be very ſad to ſee
Poor negro child and father part;
But if white man kind maſſa be,
He heal the wound in negro's heart.
Sing tinga ring, ſing terry,
Good maſſa we find,
Sing tinga ring, ſing terra;
When buckra man kind,
Then negro heart merry.
Sing tinga ring.

TRIO.

Meſſrs. Mallinson, Mildenhall, and J. Beachem.

We love maſſa when he good,
No lay ſtick on negro's back;
Much kouskous he gives for food,
And ſave us from Three-finger'd Jack.
Sing tinga ring, ſing terry.

SONG—Mr. G. Bennett.

Black ladies and gentlemen, pleaſe to draw near,
And attend to the words of your grand overſeer;
Leave work till to-morrow, my hearts, in the morning.
Be jovial and gay,
For this is the day,
That our maſter's, the good planter's, daughter was born in.
'Tis your lady's birth-day,
Therefore we'll make holiday,
And you ſhall all be merry.

CHORUS—Sing tingering, ſing tingering, ſing terry,
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

SONG—Mr. G. Bennett.

Swear by the ſilver creſcent of the night,
Beneath whoſe beams the negro breaths his pray'r;
Swear by your fathers ſlaughter'd in the fight,
By your dear native land and children, ſwear;
Swear to purſue this traitor, and annoy him,
This Jack, who daily works your harm
With OBI, and with magic charm.
Swear, ſwear, you will deſtroy him.

CHORUS.

Kolli, kolli, kolli, we ſwear all,
We kill when we come near him;
But no ſwear loud, for when we bawl,
Three-finger'd Jack he hears us.

DUO.—Mr. Mallinson and Mrs. Dun nt.

He—Quaſhee—he load his gun,
Me go kill Jack, dear—
Hill will no cover ſun
When Quaſhee come back, dear.
She—War be no certain, and gun be no true,
Quaſhee ſhould Jack kill, my heart break for you
Sweet muſic; tink a tank, ſtay here delighting,
No go to battle, big death come in fighting.
He—Me laugh at OBI charm—
Quaſhee ſtrong hearted;
She—Ah! me fear many harm,
When you and me parted.
No go to, no go, ſweet Quaſhee, me pray;
He—Yes go, oh yes go, but long me no ſtay.
She—Droop ſo, me droop ſo, when you far away.
He—Droop ſo, no droop ſo, when me far away.
She—Sweet muſic, tink a tang, ſtay here delighting.
He—Let muſic tink a tang, me no delighting.
She—No go to battle, big death come in fighting,
He—Yes, go to battle, me no die in fighting.

FINALE of the First Act.

We negro men and women meet, and dance, and ſing,
And eat and drink, with a yam foo foo,
With a yam foo, foo,
And when we come to negro ball,
One funny big man be maſſa of all.
'Tis merry Jankanoo, 'tis merry Jankaanoo.

CHORUS—Now we dance, and ſing, and eat,
Yam foo foo, with a yam foo foo;

SOLO—Maſſa he poor negro treat,
Give grand ball and Jankanoo.

CHORUS—Maſſa he poor negro teat, &c.

SOLO—Jack he did good Captain wound,
Shoot him ſhoulder, hurt him back;
If by Quaſhee Jack be found,
Then good bye Three-finger'd Jack.
Now we dance, &c.

SOLO—Jack have charm in Obi bag,
Tom-cat foot, pig tail, duck beak,
Quaſhee tear the charm to rag,
Make Three-finger'd Jack to ſqueak.
Now we dance, &c.

ACT 2.

SONG—Mrs. Dumont.

My cruel love to danger go,
No think of pain he give to me;
Too ſoon me fear like grief to know,
As broke the heart of ULALEE.
Poor negro woman, ULALEE.

Poor ſoul, to ſee her hang her head
All day beneath the cypreſs tree;
And ſtill ſhe ſing, "My love be dead,"
The huſband of poor ULALEE.
Poor negro woman, ULALEE.

"My love be killed"—how ſweet he ſmiled,
His ſmile again we never ſee—
Unleſs me ſee it in the child,
That he hath left poor ULALEE.
Poor negro woman, ULALEE.

My baby to my breaſt I fold—
But little warmth, poor boy, have he;
His father's death made all ſo cold
About the heart of ULALEE.
Poor negro woman, ULALEE.

JACK *(drunk)* Mr. FITZGERALD.

(Sings) Bangalore banga boſſi—bangalore banga boſſi.

SONG—Miss Bruguier.

A lady, in fair Seville city,
Who once fell in love very deep,
On her Spaniſh guitar played a ditty,
That lull'd her old guardian to ſleep.
With a hoo lira, lira hoo.

Her guardian, not giving to dozing,
Was thought the moſt watchful of men;
But each ſtrain had ſo ſleepy a cloſing,
That he nodded but ſoon woke again.

While ſhe played on her Spaniſh guittar,
Hoo lira, &c.

SONG—Mrs. Dumont.

You never hear of Mandingo King,
He loſt dear daughter in the fight,
But ſhe ſteal home to his tent at night,
Then merry, merry, black man, was Mandingo

CHO.—For ſhe ſteal home, &c.

Mandingo King, oh! his heart was glad,
He call his loving ſubjects round,
And ſay, look here be dear daughter found,
Go dance to the banga juſt like mad.

CHO.—For ſhe ſteal home, &c.

The King for ſignal throw big dart,
Oh then black man ſhout loud and clear,
And high they jump for his daughter dear,
But none jump ſo high as her father's heart.

CHO.—For ſhe ſteal home, &c.

Finale.

SOLO—Mrs. Dumont.

Wander now to and fro,
Croſs the wide Savannah go,
Now no fright Negro know,
Tang a rang, tang, tang a ro.
Beat big drum, wave fine flag,
Bring good news to Kingſton town O,
No fear Jack's Obi bag,
Quaſhee knock him down O,
Wander now, to and fro,
Croſs the wide Savannah go,
Now no fright Negro know,
Tang a rang, tang, tang a ro.
CHO.—Wander now, &c.

SOLO—Mrs. Taylor.

Oh thro' the dale and over hill
The Negro now may go,
For Charm be broke, and jack be kill
'Twas Quaſhee give the blow.
Wander now, to and fro,
Croſs the wide Savannah go,
Now no fright Negro know,
Tang a rang, tang, tang a ro.

CHO.—Wander now, &c

SOLO.—Mr. G. Bennett.

Here we ſee
Villainy
Brought by law to ſhort duration,
And may all
Traitors fall,
By Britiſh Proclamation.

CHO.—Then let us ſing,
God ſave the King.

NARRATIVE OF THE

Life and Exploits of Mansong,

OR,

Three-Finger'd Jack.

THIS notoriouſly daring marauder, whoſe life and ſurpriſing actions we are about to give an account of, was a native of Africa; his father dwelt in its interior, in the vicinity of the Mooriſh country. Manſong poſſeſſed an aſtoniſhing intrepidity of mind and firmneſs of character, which, joined to a martial and undaunted appearance and penetrating eye, commanded reverence from all: but theſe fine endowments were debaſed by and rendered ſubſervient to an inordinate and never-ceaſing ſpirit of revenge. His hatred to Europeans was inveterate, and his greateſt pleaſure was in exerciſing his cruelty on them; yet ſanguinary as his diſpoſition was, he never was known either to moleſt or rob a female.

His natural ſtrength and proweſs were early diſplayed in repelling the attacks of the Mooriſh robbers on his father's cattle; in one of theſe rencounters he was deſperately wounded; he, however, recovered, but his father, on the ſuppoſition of his ſon being mortally hurt, died in a paroxiſm of grief. An opportunity of revenge ſoon offered itſelf—Manſong muſtered the neighbouring youth, tutored them in the art of war, and offered his ſervices to the King of Kaarta, who, happy in having

having in his intereſt a man of ſuch ſpirit and enterprize as Manſong, immediately made him Generaliſſimo of his forces, which he undertook to diſcipline.—The numbers of the enemy were greatly ſuperior to thoſe of the King of Kaarta, that the tyger-like valour of Manſong alone ſaved them from deſtruction—many were the engagements in which he alone oppoſed a hoſt of foes, and by his brave example turned the tide of victory againſt thoſe who but juſt before ſeemed ready to overwhelm them. The King of Kaarta, in gratitude for his noble conduct and the truly eminent ſervices he had done him, received him as a ſon.

After a ſeries of military tranſactions, in which Manſong diſcovered the greateſt policy and bravery, he obtained an honourable peace for the King his maſter, and was appointed by him to adjuſt the preliminaries; an opportunity was thus offered to the King of Bambarra (the enemy of the King of Kaarta) of ſacrificing ſo powerful an obſtacle to his ambition, and he diabolically made uſe of it to effect the ruin of his formidable foe.

Peace being agreed upon, he invited Manſong and his officers to ſtay a ſhort time at his Capital, where he gave them three days ſumptuous entertainment: on the eve of the laſt, Manſong prepared to proſecute his journey to Kaarta, nor were the earneſt ſolicitations of this perfidious Prince able to alter his reſolution.

The King of Bambarra left without an alternative, reſolved at that moment to carry his ſcheme into execution—he made a ſignal, and the place was filled with armed men—thus was Manſong threatened with ſlavery or inſtant death, but he bravely preferred the latter, and fell covered with wounds; but not till he had made his adverſaries pay dearly for it. His wounds nevertheleſs were not dangerous—they bound them up, and ſent him, with the reſt of his party, to the Caravan of a Slatee, or Slave Merchant—they were purchaſed by an Engliſh Captain, and carried to Jamaica.

On their arrival, Manſong, with his fellow ſlaves, were diſpoſed of according to lot.

Eighteen months had now elapſed ſince Manſong ſ torn from his friends and native land to receive as a ſlave e laſh of his employers; but he vowed the direſt revenge n his perſecutors, and called his country's God to witneſs is determination of avenging all his wrongs upon the wh e race of Europeans.

He ſought the cave of an OBEAN practitioner, wh dwelt in the Blue Mountains, whoſe name was Amalkir, and licited his friendſhip. Amalkir hung an OBI Horn about h neck, valuable for its ſuppoſed virtues. This OBI was ſup oſed to make the Negroes invulnerable to the attacks of the White Men, and the moſt implicit belief was placed by the n in its virtues.

Further to illuſtrate the Myſteries of OBI, and the exploits of Three-fingered Jack in Jamaica, we are indebted to Dr. Moſely's "Treatiſe on Sugar."

"The Science of Obi is very extenſive—This Obi, or as it is pronounced in the Engliſh Weſt Indies, *Obeah*, has its origin, like many cuſtoms among the Africans, from the ancient Ægyptians Obi, for the purpoſe of bewitching People, or conſuming them by lingering illneſs, is made of Grave Dirt, Hair, Teeth of Sharks, and other animals—Blood, Feathers, Egg-ſhells, Images in Wax, the Hearts of Birds, Liver of Mice, and ſome potent Roots, Weeds and Buſhes, of which Europeans are at this time ignorant.—A Negro, who thinks himſelf bewitch'd by Obi, will apply to an *Obi Man* or *Obi Woman* for cure. The moſt wrinkled and moſt deformed Obian Magicians are the moſt venerated."

Speaking of an horrible claſs of Negroes, the Author of the Work alluded to ſays, "ſome of theſe abandoned exiles live in ſpite of the common law of Nature, and ſurvive a general Mutation of their Muſcles, Ligaments, and Oſteology, becoming alſo hideouſly white in their woolly Hair and Skin."

their Baniſhment, their Huts often become the Rece[illegible]cles of Robbers and fugitive Negroes. Thus, theſe [illegible]gly loathſome Creatures are Oracles of Woods, Cave[illegible] and unfrequented Places and are reſorted to ſecret[illegible] by the wretched in Mind, and by the Malicious for wi[illegible]ted Purpoſes."

Dr. Moſeley, in his Treatiſe on Sugar, ſays, 'I ſaw the O[illegible] of the famous Negro Robber, Three Finger'd Jack, [illegible]e Terror of Jamaica, in 1780.

'It conſiſted of a Goat's Horn, filled with a Compound of Grave Dirt, Aſhes, the Blood of a Black Cat, a[illegible]d Human Fat, all mix'd into a kind of Paſte; a Cat's [illegible]oot, a dried Toad, a Pig's Tail, a Slip of Virginal P[illegible]rchment of Kid Skin, with Characters mark'd in Blo[illegible]d on it, were alſo in his Obian Bag. Theſe, with a keen Sabre, and two Guns, were all his Obi; with which, and his Courage in deſcending into the Plains, and plundering to ſupply his Wants, and his ſkill in retreating into difficult Faſtneſſes, among the Mountains, commanding the only Acceſs to them, where none dared to follow him, he terrified the Inhabitants, and ſet the Civil Power and the Neighbouring Militia of the Iſland at Defiance for near Two Years.

'He had neither Accomplice nor Aſſociate. There were a few runaway Negroes in the Woods, near Mount Lebanus, the Place of his Retreat, but he had croſs'd their Foreheads with ſome of the Magic in his Horn, and they could not betray him. But he truſted no one—he ſcorned Aſſiſtance. He aſcended above Spartacus—he robb'd alone—fought all his Battles alone—and always killed his Purſuers. By his Magic, he was not only the Dread of the Negroes, but there were many White People who believed he was poſſeſſed of ſome ſupernatural power.

'At length, allured by the Rewards offered by ver-
nor Dalling, two Negroes, named *Quashee* an *Sam*,
both of Scot's Hall, Maroon Town, went in se ch of
him—*Quashee* before he set out on the Expediti , got
himself christened, and changed his Name to *James*
Reeder. They took with them Tuckey, a little oy—
These three soon discover'd, by Impressions am g the
Weeds and Bushes, that some Person must hav lately
been that way.—They softly follow'd these Impr ions,
making not the least Noise.—Presently they dis vered
a Smoak.

'They came upon *Jack* before he perceived t em—
he was roasting *Plaintains* by a little Fire on the G ound,
at the Mouth of a Cave. *Jack's* looks were fierce
and terrible—He told them he would kill them

'*Reeder* replied that his *Obi* had no power o hurt
him; for he was christened, and that his Name was no
longer *Quashee*.

'*Jack* knew *Reeder*, and, as if paralysed, he let his
two Guns remain on the Ground, and took up only his
Cutlass.

'These two had a severe Engagement several Years
before, in the Woods, in which Conflict *Jack* lost
the two Fingers, which was the Origin of his present
Name.

'Without further Parley, Jack, with his Cutlass in
his Hand, threw himself down a Precipice at the Head
of the Cave.

'*Reeder's* Gun miss'd Fire—*Sam* shot him in the
Shoulder—*Reeder*, like an English Bull Dog, never
looked, but with his Cutlass in his Hand, plunged
headlong down after *Jack*.

'Here was a Stage, on which two of the stoutest
Hearts

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Hea that were ever hooped with ribs, began their bloo struggle.

'e little boy, who was ordered to keep back out of F m's Way, now reached the Top of the Precipice, nd during the Fight shot Jack in the Belly.

' came up just time enough to save *Reeder*, for Jack ad caught him by the Throat with his Giant's Gras —*Reeder* was wounded, and *Jack*, streaming with ood from his Shoulder and Belly, and both were cov with Gore and Gashes.

'In his state *Sam* was Umpire, and decided the fate of the Battle.

'The little Boy soon after found his way to them: he had a Cutlass, with which they cut off Jack's Head and three Finger'd Hand, and took them in Triumph, followed by a vast Concourse of Negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's Obi, blowing their Shells and Horns and firing Guns in their rude Method. In this Manner they proceeded to Kingston, and claimed the Rewards offered by the King's Proclamation and the House of Assembly.'

FINIS.

NORWICH:
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